

CAREER OF DE ROHAN.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S BROTHER A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

An Early Quarrel Estranges Them for Life—His Service on Two Continents with Garibaldi—His Uncompensated Service for Victor Emmanuel.

Admiral William de Rohan, who died in this city, was one of the most remarkable men of this century, and a complete sketch of his life would read like a chapter from medieval history. He was of Norse descent, his father having been a Swedish nobleman, and he was born Dahlgren, his elder brother being Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States navy, whose services abroad during the war, as well as his advanced improvements in ordnance, make such a bright page in the history of our navy. Another brother, younger, Charles Dahlgren, took sides with the south during the war and was a general officer.

De Rohan was nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered and deep chested, and in his prime of life must have been one of the most powerful men living. His head was Websterian in its proportions.

THE BROTHER'S FIGHT. Away back in the forties, when William had grown to man's estate in years, Admiral Dahlgren, then a lieutenant, was stationed at the navy yard here engaged in the ordnance department, that made his name famous for the style and method of building the great ship guns that bore his name and that fought the naval battles of the civil war. One day Dahlgren, the elder son, saw fit to take William severely to task for something, and that brought on a storm of angry words on both sides that resulted in the younger man knocking the older brother into a corner of the room. Dignity forbade a personal altercation, and Dahlgren had an officer sent for.

Taken to the old City hall, William was sullen and unrepentant, and though family and neutral friends tried to stop proceedings, Dahlgren pressed the case, and the offender was fined \$100 for the assault. Then Dahlgren told the magistrate that if William would make a public apology for having struck an officer of the navy while in uniform he would be willing that the penalty be set aside.

"Never! Never!" said William. "I will never apologize nor even speak a word to you while God lets me live; and more, while you live I will never again bear the name that you do."

So they parted in the mayor's room at the City hall, and William assumed his mother's name de Rohan, by which he was known thereafter at home and abroad to the day of his death. His mother was a member of the princely family of de Rohan, of France.

Going abroad, his family connections and ample means brought him into intimacy with persons of the highest rank in life, among them being Admiral Horatio (Pasha), of the Turkish navy, and with him he took service under the sultan, with the rank of captain.

THIS CALLED IN ITALIAN WATERS. Leaving the Turks he went to the Argentine Republic—then Buenos Ayres—with Garibaldi, and commanded the naval forces of that country in the successful revolution that brought independence. After that, when Garibaldi came to this country, De Rohan went to Chili and became admiral of the Chilean navy.

Late in the fifties he joined Garibaldi, with whom he was in constant correspondence, in Europe, and entered heart and soul with him in his plans for the unification and independence of Italy. While the great liberator directed and commanded the land forces De Rohan was made admiral of the revolutionary navy, which was confirmed by Victor Emmanuel.

He was an admiral without a fleet, for they did not have a single vessel heavier than a coral fishing felucca; but he was energetic, and by a very liberal outlay of funds from his private purse and contributions by English and French friends he actually succeeded in purchasing and arming three good sized merchant steamers, with which he escaped to Sardinia and reported to Victor Emmanuel.

It was on these vessels that the then king of Sardinia and such troops as he had were transported to the mainland of Italy, and history tells of the result. During the siege of Rome Admiral De Rohan commanded the marine division under Garibaldi and supervised the artillery fire.

Other forms of government than republics are at times ungrateful, and it is so in this case, for while Admiral De Rohan spent nearly \$250,000 in providing the means that gave the throne of Italy to this house of Savoy, he never was repaid a penny, and died in Providence hospital here, cared for by charitable friends.

During a number of years he resided in England, where he became interested in the formation and workings of the British naval reserve, in which he was commissioned a commander by the admiralty. During the civil war he was intensely loyal to the north, but refused to take service in our navy lest he might at some time be brought under the command of his brother, Admiral John Dahlgren.

Put off by various excuses and neglected by Victor Emmanuel in his attempts to secure repayment of the immense sums advanced to Italy, he came home about 1871 and laid his claims before the secretary of state.

In the belief that something would at least be accomplished, De Rohan went abroad again, and for several years tried to work some mines he owned in Sardinia or Sicily, but he lacked capital for the work, and returned home to find his case slumbering as neglected as though no one in the state department had ever heard of it.

He was thoroughly disheartened, and for the first time in his life his high courage failed before his misfortunes and his health gave way. He was then nearly seventy years of age, and when a stroke of paralysis followed he failed rapidly in a hospital.—Washington Post.

THE INDEPENDENT

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S POMPEIAN MANSION.

When the part Prince Napoleon might have taken in French politics ceases to be contrasted with the part he actually did take he will be remembered for quite a different achievement. In a strange part of Paris he built a very curious mansion, and collected a brilliant circle of friends to witness a singular entertainment. The circumstance, once notorious, is now almost forgotten. Thirty-five years ago the prince went Pompeii mad. It was the fashionable craze of the day.

Artists, authors, dilettanti—they all took it; but the prince alone had funds and purpose to realize his wild project. If he could build a house just like one of those old Pompeian mansions, if he could furnish it classically, put in the right bronzes and statuettes, himself dress like an old Roman and get his friends to do the same—well, he actually reduced the dream to a fact.

In the avenue Montaigne, at that time perilously near the Bal Mabille, the palace was reared on the true Pompeian lines. Gerome painted the decorations—Homer chanting his ballads, and nymphs that represented the Odyssey and Iliad. Everything was classic and was Greek, but the Bonaparte blood flowed in the veins of the owner.

Prince Napoleon set up busts and statues of his family all round the atrium—Napoleon and Josephine and Marie Louise, Lucien, Charles, Louis and Jerome; they all had their place in this classic apartment. And here, before the emperor and empress, a French play was acted in classic costume—Favart, Brohan and Theophile Gautier being the company, and Got and Emile Augier among the audience.—Boston Herald.

MAKING MONEY TALK. "Look at that fellow," said the man in the window.

"Who?" inquired. "That young fellow standing outside the rail."

"Well, what of it?" "Don't you notice that five dollar bill he is holding in his hand?"

"Yes. Well?" "He's been flourishing it around for five minutes. Bought two fifty cent seats in the gallery just now. Gave me a ten dollar bill. I gave him four silver dollars and that five. Been all this time putting the four into his pocket."

"Well, he had to unbutton his overcoat. That takes time."

"Yes, but it doesn't take five minutes. Besides, he could have put the five dollars into his vest pocket in no time. But he didn't. He holds it out in plain view."

"Suppose he does. Hasn't he a right to?" "Of course. But don't you get on to the racket?"

"No. What is it?" "Girl." "Girl?"

"Yes. That's the girl standing over there in the corner. She's watching him. He's just drawn his week's pay, ten dollars, and is taking her to see the show. When they came in he flashed the ten dollars, and dazzled her with it a while before he got into the show."

COBBLER SPRAGUE'S FRUGAL WIFE. Ten thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks has been found secreted in an old table in the residence of John Sprague, a shoemaker, of Wilmington, Del.

The money represents his deceased wife's savings for thirty-nine years. On Jan. 27 Mrs. Mary Sprague, wife of the cobbler, dropped dead, a victim of heart disease, in a drug store. The couple came to Wilmington from England thirty-one years ago. The husband is about sixty years of age, while the wife was nearly fifty-nine years old when she died. They were frugal and industrious, and during their thirty-nine years of married life the husband weekly gave the wife a certain sum of money for her use. He never questioned what she did with the surplus, but supposed it was regularly put in bank.

When Mrs. Sprague died search was made for the bankbook supposed to exist, but to no avail. The house was ransacked also, but no money was found. Finally Mrs. McGinley, a neighbor, suggested, as she had had a dream to that effect, that possibly the treasure might be secreted in an antique table, and this article of furniture was examined. Tightly wedged in an inside corner of the table were found a bag of gold and a roll of greenbacks, which, being counted, amounted to \$10,000.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

THE TABLEAU. The palmy day of the tableau entertainment has rather gone by. Sacred and profane history, ancient and modern customs have been faithfully worked for varieties in tableau representation and their freshness has pretty well departed. An entertainment of pretty and picturesque scenes, unvaried by action or movement, is a somewhat mild form of amusement. For obvious reasons this kind of entertainment has had a long run of favor. Tableaux, represented by good folks that they all know, are something that the strictest church people can look upon without a feeling of sin, and a great deal of money for good causes has been realized in this way. They flourish best in home soil and presented by home talent and beauty, and not a little have they owed to the good natured puffs of amiable editors and the family pride which loves to see Sis on the stage in a fancy costume, looking as pretty as a peachblossom vase.—Springfield Homestead.

PLEASANT, BUT UNSAFE. "Wouldn't it be nice if some of the pleasant things said about persons after they are dead could only be said while they were still alive? It would cheer their dying hours."

"Yes, it would be nice, but it would hardly be safe."

"Why not?" "They might recover."—New York Recorder.

STOPPED CALLING. "What has become of your old beau, Martin, cook? I haven't seen him around much lately."

"No, mum, Martin don't come round much now; he's married."

"Oh, ho! He's married, eh? Well, 'Me, mum.'—New York Sun.

DEFEAT. The warning was repeated. Razor Jim, and the Terror alley went razoring for Bill. He found him.

Bill was removed to the came the gore dripping on the prelude to this story. "On with the dance!"

Razor Jim, as he wiped his razor, the heartless coquette. The dance went on.

Next day Jim and Manda Thompson street. They were from bad to worse, and finally Hoboken.

REVENGE.

THEY WERE LOOKING INTO THE WINDOW OF A CROCKERY STORE, WHEN THE OLD MAN OBSERVED:

"Hurry, there's some mighty fine spit boxes for only sixteen cents. We never had one, and I guess we'll invest."

"I guess we won't! They're too high."

"Yes, but when you get too good to spit on a rag carpet which cost me forty-two cents a yard you can put your head out of the window or go to the door."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

AN ETHICAL POINT. Holding Him Down. They were looking into the window of a crockery store, when the old man observed:

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HE THOUGHT HE KNEW EVERYBODY. Talking about swagger, too much of this commodity has lately brought to grief a certain member of a well known third rate London club. This gentleman is one who, so far from admitting that any member of the upper ten could by any accident be unknown to him, is always ready to boast of close and intimate friendship with every one happening to have either rank or position. His failing is notorious; and three humorists determined to give him a lesson. Accordingly, in the club billiard room, one of their number, Mr. C—, casually said:

"Are you going to Lady L—'s tonight?"

"No," replied the victim. "Her ladyship will never forgive me; but the fact is, I am fagged out, and good people are scarce."

"Quite right. I'll make your apologies," said Mr. C—.

Aggravated at this unlooked for proposition, but unable now to retreat from the position he had taken up, the only rejoinder of Mr. J— was a feeble:

"Thanks; I wish you would."

Half an hour later, just as the trio were about to leave the club, unhappy Mr. J— drew Mr. C— aside, and at last obliged to confess that he did not know Lady L—, and begged Mr. C— not to mention his name to her.

"All right," said his triumphant tormentor, "I won't; you may depend upon that, for I don't happen to know her myself."—London Tit-Bits.

A NEW VERSION. "Oh, come into the garden, Maud!" The soft notes came swelling through the forsythia bushes, and the yellow bells shook as if chiming in unison with the mellow voice that uttered them.

"Oh, come into the garden, Maud!" A figure appeared at the window and the door softly opened. Then there was another figure, and another voice set the forsythia blossoms jolting in visible and pitiable discord.

"Maud, you get right back into the house, and don't you be catching your death of cold in any garden. Tell Dick Sappins he can come into the house and see you if he wants to, only he's got to leave his banjo on the porch."—Washington Post.

ACCOUNTED FOR. Clerk (at grocery store)—There's a curious looking, blind, thin and bleached out frog hopping about down cellar.

Proprietor—What have you been doing down cellar?

Clerk—Sorting over those old maple sugar bricks for the spring trade.

Proprietor (much incensed)—Then you've broken one of them, sir, with your infernal carelessness, and that frog has hopped out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

LOOKING AHEAD. "Young man," said the stern father, "do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from \$50 to \$100?"

"I do," replied the young man firmly; "and, sir," he continued, an exultant ring in his voice, "it was only the other night that we took an account of stock, and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead."—Cloak Review.

HIS ERROR. In court—"Have you anything to say in your defense, prisoner?"

"Nothing, your honor, except that I made a mistake in the number of the house. I did not at all intend to break into that house."—Flingende Blatter.

A CAPTURE. "So you married the widow after all. Did she propose to you?"

"One night she said 'Will you?'"

"Well?"

"I wilted."—New York Recorder.

UNEXPECTED SYMPATHY. "Waiter, I've been here a full hour," said Sappins impatiently.

"I've been here since 7 a. m.," returned the waiter. "It's tiresome, ain't it?"—New York Sun.

A GREAT SUCCESS. Husband—How did you get along with your shopping today?

Wife—Splendidly! I called at fifteen places and didn't buy a thing.—Cloak Review.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS. "Is the restaurateur in?" inquired a gentleman of the cashier of a down town eating house.

"No, sir; he's gone to the butcher's."

"Well?"

"That's the reply."—Detroit Free Press.

OH, STRIKE THE LYRE! "Oh, strike the lyre!" Thompson roared. And into tales poetic soared.

Of wild adventures, weird and rare; The buffaloes that roared and gored, The alligators at the ford.

These hunters always hunt abroad, At home they blow a loud fanfare, And strike the lyre.

So Thompson told, and maids adored; But men the stale old lies adored.

Each manly eye betrayed a glare, Each manly lip held back a swear.

They rose, and then with one accord They struck the lyre.

—London Judy.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., MAY 9, 1891.

HE LED THROUGH.

Mr. Boggs were involved discussion as to the widdly window of their kitchen.

"The pane of glass," said Mr. Boggs, "is big enough to throw a through by the horse; it is twenty feet wide by twenty-one."

"And I know," Mrs. Boggs retorted, "that it isn't a bit over one foot wide, and hardly that."

So, instead of adjusting their quarrel by measuring the casement, they argued until Mr. Boggs offered to buy Mrs. B. the best silk dress in town if he failed to crawl through the empty casement within three minutes.

"You'll just get stuck fast, Hugo, and I'll have to call in the neighbors to saw you out," wailed his wife; "see if you don't."

"Nonsense, woman; I'll be through before you can wink."

Just at this point little Willy, who was sobbing as the result of a recent cellar interview with his father, crept quietly out the house.

Boggs stripped himself of coat and vest, and from a perch on a soap box began to wriggle through the window.

He was right about the size of the opening, and everything went on nicely until he undertook to rest himself by placing his hands on the cellar door, which, under ordinary circumstances, was situated directly beneath this window, about two feet down. In this extraordinary case the door had been carefully folded back by parties unknown.

Boggs reached out wildly for it and missed. His 250 pounds had started earthward, however, and nothing could head him off.

"Bet you two to one dad wins, mother!" shouted little Willie from a seat on the line fence.

"Stop him, Willie, stop him!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs.

"Not much! Think I'm goin' t' interfere in a square race? Go it, dad; you're a winner!"

"Bump! bump! smash!" Mr. Boggs was through.

"O-o-o-h! I'm sure Hugo's killed," sobbed Mrs. Boggs.

"Two minutes a thirty-two seconds," said little Willie, thrusting his birthday watch into his hip pocket.—New York World.

AN EXPECTED GUEST. Mrs. McLuck—My darter Sally said there was a gentleman wanted to see me, so I come right down 'bout stoppin' to fix up, 'cause I s'pose y'r carriage is waitin'; but I just want to say, first off, that the report in the morning papers about us falling heir to a fortune was published 'bout my consent; and the fact is, we hain't got the money yet; and we can't accept any invites to balls or parties an' receptions an' things for a month yet at least. You're Mr. Astor, ain't you? Or—beggin' y'r pardon—mebbe y'r Mister McGalluster?"

Business. "Um! I see—I see how it is, madam. You wish a little time to—mourn the death of the wealthy relative; of course, of course. I—er—really didn't suppose you were quite ready to attend the—er—brilliant social functions, but I just dropped in for a friendly chat; and, by the way, here is something I brought with me—something which all the ladies of the Four Hundred are using, and it occurred to me that you would like to buy one or more, so I—er—brought 'em along. Here they are, madam—our—new patent Ebony-iron Last-Forever Frying Pan, only fifty cents, or three for a dollar.—New York Weekly.

THE SHAD SEASON. SHAD.

Waiter—I expect you to pay in advance.

Guest—What do you mean, sir?

Waiter—No offense, sir, whatever, but the last gentleman who ate shad here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the boss took it out of my wages.—Texas Siftings.

AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY. "This, my son," he said to his little boy at the dime museum, "is the armless wonder. He writes with his toes, and eats with a knife and fork held between his toes. Wonderful, is it not?"

"Say, pop, ask him how he scratches his back."—New York Recorder.

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